Stranger Things: The Parody (Season 2) by ByelerBylers

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Summary:

Exactly as said in the title. This is a written parody of season 2 of Stranger Things, episodes 1 through 9. Frequent 4th wall breaking and insanity within the town of Hawkins.

1. MadMax Part 1

Author's Note:

> Disclaimer: I do not own Stranger Things! This fanfic is not to be taken seriously, it's silly, kind of dumb, and purely humor based. I love the hell out of this show and I'm just writing this for the fun of it cause I love incorporating humor into anything.

It was a seemingly peaceful night in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania - everyone safely cooped up in their houses, ready to go to bed, just to wake up for another mundane day...seemingly peaceful, until a loud, screechy alarm from a building rang. Suddenly a car at high speed burst through an alley next to the building.

“Go! Go! Go! Move it!” Axel screamed within the car, looking back to see if the police were still on their tail, “We have to lose them, Mick!”

“Jesus fuck, you think I don’t know that, Axel?” Mick shouted back.

“The alley. To your right,” Kali said, in a calmer voice. She sat next to Mick in the passenger seat. Mick muttered a calm ‘okay’ before proceeding right to another alley.

“…The things we have to do to earn relevant screen time,” Dottie rolled her eyes.

“Hey, we literally aren’t seen again until the seventh chapter, you idiot. It's necessary we do something memorable so we leave a mark on the viewers,” Axel retorted, “Writing 101.”

“Whatever. I just hope this pays off,” Dottie sighed, “If the writers chew us up and spit us back out, it’s lights out for them. There’s no way I’m being used as a plot device.”

More horns were honking; that meant more police cars on their tail.

“Shit! Shit! Shit!” Axel yelled, “Do something Kali!”

Kali brought her hand up and snapped her fingers.

“Skidi-pap-pap-pap. And a pu-pu-puddrrrr-boom.”

A bridge in front of the police officers' way exploded and rocks fell, blocking their way and making them ultimately lose Kali and her gang of misfits. But fret not, it was just an illusion.

Blood came out of Kali’s nose, and then the camera zoomed in and showed us the 008 tattoo, which only means-

Du-du-du-du dudududu du-du-du-du dudududu du-du-du-du dudududu

DUN DUN

****A bunch of scattered letters rearrange to form the iconic Stranger***

*Things title**

Chapter One: MADMAX

“Son of a bitch! Son of a bitch!”

Dustin was hectically searching through the couches for money he would use for his and his friends' next arcade venture.

“Another stupid penny!”

“For fucks sake, Dusty, watch it! You almost hit Mews!”

“Can I please check under your cushions?”

“Not until you apologize to Mews.”

“Mom!” Dustin cried, wanting his mother to get up out of the seat so he can find a better haul of coins. He didn’t have time for this.

“It’s the least you can do! Especially since you carelessly leave Mews

alone to be eaten alive by an interdimensional creature you bring into this house before lying to me about it! Who in their right mind does that?!"

"What?"

After Dustin eventually found enough coins, or so he thought, he grabbed his walkie-talkie to ring up Lucas. Oh yeah, this is when we introduce the boys individually and we all collectively freak out because they've grown up so much since the first season.

"Lucas, you copy? I've got four quarters."

"That's tragic, Dustin. Take your puny haul and multiply that by five."

"How?"

"Mowed somebody's lawn."

"Oh."

“Yeah, take my advice and try doing that next time,” Lucas said.

“Screw you, Lucas. I’m calling Mike,” Dustin rolled his eyes.

…Hooow can you see into my eyes…like open doors? Leeading you down, into my core…where I’ve become so numb…without a soooul…my spirit’s sleeping somewheere cold, until you fiiind it there…and lead it…back…home…

Mike’s brooding form was sitting in front of the tent he built for Eleven all those months ago. He held onto his walkie-talkie. He looked like the epitome of teenage angst. No, he literally looked like it. Through the months, after Eleven disappeared, Mike would throw away his light and semi-colorful wardrobe and opt for darker colors entirely. He wiped at his damp eyes, smudging the heavy eyeliner he put around them against his pale complexion.

“Mike, do you copy? Do you copy?”

He heard Dustin’s voice over the walkie-talkie.

“Yeah, I copy,” Mike broodingly said.

“The hell are you doing on this channel?” Dustin said from the other end.

“None of your business,” Mike said, in a very punchy voice, “You wouldn’t understand…nobody understands or even cares about the agony I go through. For over 300 days, I’ve shown obvious signs of mood and personality changes, none of you notice, my parents don’t notice. My mom tells me to ‘just be happy’. Don’t you think I’ve tried that before? I can’t force myself to feel a certain way, that’s not how emotions work. My Dad doesn’t give a shit either. All he does is recline himself in that La-Z-Boy couch of his and insists I ‘man up’ or that there are people out there who have it worse than I. Because of this, I’ve decided to close myself off to you all…”

WAKE ME UP!

Wake me up inside! (CAN’T WAKE UP!) Wake me up inside! (SAAAAAVEEE MEE!) Call my name and save me from the dark!

“Hey, how are you playing that song?” Dustin asked, hearing music in the background, “Wake Me Up Inside by Evanescence doesn’t come out in another 19 years.”

“Fuck if I know,” Mike said.

“Hm, Strange Things are happening here lately.”

“Shut up,” Mike said, “I need to steal money from my sister cause I forgot to get my part of the haul, over and out.”

Mike did that. He barged into his sister’s room, chains clattering against his studded belt. He sort through her dresser to look for her secret stash of money. When he saw the completely obvious piggy-bank on top of Nancy’s dresser…where he should have looked in the first place…he placed it on top of the bed and smashed it open with a hammer. He shoved coins and dollar bills into the pockets of his jet black skinny jeans.

“Mike, what the fuck!” Nancy screamed, standing at her open bedroom door.

“I’ll pay you back!” Mike yelled before running past her and jumping over 10 flights of stairs and proceeding to break his neck. No, I’m just kidding, he landed quite gracefully, props to Finn Wolfhard for executing that scene well. I would have tripped and broken many bones.

“No running in the house!” Karen Wheeler said to a running Mike, Nancy chasing after her younger brother.

As the camera loomed over the arcade building, the Whip It song

played in the background. This gave the viewers, even the ones who weren't born in the 80's, shared nostalgia for that wonderful decade. Thanks a lot, Duffer Brothers. A green ford pinto was parked next to the building, signifying the entrance of Will Byers and his mother.

"So, I'll pick you up in two hours. 9:00 to be exact, okay?" Mrs. Byers said.

"Okay." Will said beside her, "Can I go now?"

"Nine o'clock. 2100 hours. 3 hours before the start of a new day. No later. If anything happens, if you need to come home, just ask them to use their phone and call home. Don't walk-"

"-or bike home. I got it, Mom," The boy with the horrendous, but eventually endearing bowl cut said.

Before Will could get out of the car, he stopped before looking at his mom one last time.

"What is it, Will?" She asked.

"What ever happened to our dog?" Will said, "I could have sworn we had one last year, but then he suddenly disappeared without further explanation."

A sudden darkness loomed over Joyce's eyes.

“We do not speak of that,” She said, her voice cold, “Now go. Your friends are waiting for you.”

Will frowned, but decided not to press further on that. He opened the car door and got out of the vehicle.

“Come on! Come on! Come on! Shoot him!” Lucas screamed.

“Jesus Christ! I’m trying! This assault rifle I'm using is extra shitty!” Dustin screamed back, jabbing at a bunch of buttons at his arcade station. Behind him, Mike, Lucas, and Will were cheering him on to shoot the target in the multiplayer game of Fortnite: Battle Royale.

“He’s sniping you! Come on, Dustin!” Mike shouted.

“Shut up, guys! Shut up!” Dustin said, jabbing the button even harder. His character’s health bar suddenly zoomed down, “No. No! Nonono!”

The others groaned behind him as his character was the one who was sniped instead.

MadMax ELIMINATED YOU! You placed #5

Those words were big on the game screen.

"No!" Dustin cried, he slammed the screen of the arcade box with his fists, smashing it open and into pieces, "I hate this overpriced bullshit! Son of a bitch! Piece of shit!"

"…That's a huge chunk of money gone from his allowance," Lucas quietly said.

"At least you got fifth place, that's the highest you've gotten," Will attempted to reassure Dustin.

"Whatever, screw this game. It's a poor man's version of PUBG," Dustin said.

"You take that back!" Mike retorted. Dustin and Mike went back and forth, arguing which Battle Royale-esque game was superior.

The boys had a collective aneurysm when they saw that the MadMax person placed first.

"Is this the part where the writers strategically add in a new character to the party?" Lucas asked.

Keith seemingly appeared out of nowhere, startling the young teens.

“Yeah.”

The Keith dude spoke, his Cheetos encrusted hands digging in a bag of Cheetos he always carried.

“Okay, do you know who MadMax is?” Lucas asked.

“Yeah, who is he?” Mike asked, he pointed to Keith, “Is it you?”

“Hahahaha. No. I hate Fortnite with a burning passion. You guys should have seen how angry I was when they removed all the arcade boxes with PUBG and replaced them with Fortnite…an injustice it was,” Keith sighed, a tear rolling down his cheek.

“So is anyone going to ask how we’re playing Fortnite in the year 1984-”

Will was quickly interrupted.

“Annnnyways, if you guys want information about MadMax, I’ll need something in return.”

Keith wagged his eyebrows.

“No, no, no! No way. You’re not getting a date with her,” Mike cut in, knowing exactly where Keith was getting at.

“Mike, come on,” Lucas said, “Just get him the date.”

“I’m not prostituting my sister!” Mike screamed, “Besides, Jancy is scheduled to be endgame this season, we are not letting another guy get in the way of that! There’s going to be a nationwide backlash against the show if that happens! PEOPLE WILL BOYCOTT.”

“Okay then, I ain’t telling you guys nothing.”

“Fuck you,” Dustin flipped Keith off.

They continued their squabbling. Meanwhile, Will saw something strange outside the clear front door of the arcade. The sky was tinted with red, occasional streaks of lightning decorating it. The room suddenly changed from the pristine-looking arcade to the familiar death and decay appearance of the upside down. His friends and the other customers in the arcade were nowhere to be seen. Will was the only one in the room.

“Oh boy, not this again,” Will said, in the most deadpan voice ever heard to man.

He slowly felt himself walking towards the door. He opened the door, entering outside. The entirety of the sky had that unsettling color.

Will saw a giant black spider creature emerge from the sky. His eyes were glued onto it; he was clearly enthralled by this mysterious creature. He had never seen it in his visions before.

“Hi, young boy,” The giant black spider said.

“Um, hello?” Will said.

“I know what you’re going through. The pain of liking someone who won’t reciprocate your feelings,” The spider thing said.

“Fuck, am I that obvious?” Will scratched his head.

“I live inside your head, you dingus,” The spider boy said, “With Eleven gone. Mike will need someone to be by his side, you’re his closest friend. He will welcome you with open arms.”

“Yeah, but he doesn’t like me like that. He still loves Eleven,” Will sighed, shuffling his foot on the ground, “There’s no point.”

“You don’t know that,” Spider Man said, “He does like Eleven a lot, but he didn’t have enough time to get to know her. He’s a 13 year old boy, he might not be in tune with his feelings. There’s a spark between you guys…a spark that he’s unaware of.”

“Really?” Will said, his apprehension subsiding.

“Really,” Mind-Flayer-Spider-Man said, “I’m rooting for you, child. I’m a huge byeler shipper.”

“Thank you, spider guy,” Will smiled.

“Anytime, Will.”

“Will! Are you okay?” Mike broke Will out of his trance as he emerged from the arcade building. The decaying matter suddenly returned to normal. Will blinked, seeing the clear driveway of the arcade building.

“Yeah. I just- I needed some air,” Will replied.

“Come on. You’re up on Fortnite. Let’s go see if we can score first, huh?” Mike said.

He wrapped his arm around Will before ushering him back to the arcade. This was the exact moment Byeler was reborn into something new, something powerful, a force to be reckoned with. With that came the inevitability of more Byeler fanfictions, better and improved edits of this pure ship (without relying on the very limited season 1 content), and adorable fanart.

Notes for the Chapter:

...and that's the first chapter. Don't ask what goes through my head.

How was this mess of a fic? I'd like to know your thoughts on this. (Favorite parts? Favorite aspects about this fic? Are there any areas that need work?)

2. MadMax Part 2

It's just another-

It's just another daaayyay.

It's just another day- it's just another day.

It's just another day, when people wake from dreams…

Jim Hopper picked up his already pitch black coffee from the front desk, doughnut in his other hand. The front desk lady disapprovingly shook her head at Hopper's dietary choices. She proceeded to snatch the doughnut away from him and hurled it forwards, accidently striking another cop on the head. She handed him a bowl of flaxseed oatmeal.

"You know I work hard to maintain this dad bod for the fans," Hopper said, devastated at the demise of his glazed doughnut.

"Your health comes first Jim," The front desk lady said, "You know that, don't you?"

"But-"

"No buts," She said.

Hopper grumbled under his breath before making his way to his desk.

But he couldn't do that cause some dude with a beard and wonky glasses and coat was in his way. Under his coat, he wore a shirt with the words #JusticeForBarb clearly printed on it. Hopper resisted the urge to let out the loudest groan known to man. This dude would literally call his work and home on an hourly basis, so Hopper had to block his number. His persistence would escalate into him barging into the cop's office at the worst of times. Hopper's coworkers frequently wondered why this man wasn't banned from coming into his office or jailed for harassment of law enforcement.

"Jim, we need to talk," Murray, the bearded dude with wonky glasses, said.

Jim walked passed him.

"Get away from me."

"But Jim-"

"GET AWAAAAY FROOOM ME."

"I only need five minutes of your time!" Murray said.

"I need you to do what you do best and play matchmaker," Hopper

said, sitting in his desk seat, “You’re the plot-device that serves to get Nancy and Jonathan to admit their feelings for each other, therefore ultimately making Jancy canon, right?”

“…I guess,” Murray said, sitting down in the front seat.

“Alright, if you want me to give you any of the attention you so desperately crave, listen up,” Hopper said, earning an eager nod from Murray.

“Me and Joyce,” The cop said, leaning forwards, desperation in his eyes, “Make Jopper happen.”

“I-”

“I’ve had repressed feelings for her since the beginnings of season 1. I try to start off something, initiate anything that might get Joyce to take the hint, but nothing seems to be happening. It’s like we’re at a standstill,” Hopper said, “Please help me. I’m dying here.”

“I’m afraid I can’t do that, Hopper.”

“Why not?”

“Because Joyce is currently dating that Samwise guy from Lord of the Rings.”

“What the fuck?”

“Newby. Bob Newby,” Murray clarified.

“And how do you know this?”

“I know almost everything ranging from surface information to the deep interworking’s of this show. I literally spend hours upon hours of my life every day in my basement collecting information on everything to do with Hawkins, including the irrelevant rubbish,” Murray said, “And no one ever gives me the recognition I need, not even a simple thank you.”

There was a tense and lingering silence between the two until Hopper spoke up.

“Fine, I’ll help you,” Hopper said, crossing his legs over his desk and muddying the papers with his uniform boots, “Just promise you’ll leave me alone forever after this.”

Murray squealed.

“I promise!”

“Okay, spill the tea, Murray,” Hopper said.

Hopper could hear the collective groans from the other cops outside of his office.

“Russians. Something bad about Russians. Russian spies. Typical 80’s paranoia about the Russians,” Murray explained.

“Uh huh.”

“Third party sources tell me that there’s been multiple reports of a Russian child in Hawkins,” Murray continued, his eyes bulging out of his sockets, “A psionic child in Hawkins, who has psionic abilities!”

Hopper nearly keeled over from laughing so hard.

“You’re absolutely off your rocker, my dude.”

“Okay, what about other reports about some girl who made that kid pee himself. Huh? What about that?”

“That Troy kid who was never to be seen again after season 1?” Hopper raised his eyebrows.

“Yeah, that one. He’s supposedly stuck in purgatory alongside Will’s dog,” Murray said.

“That was just a prank, bro.”

“That was not a prank!” Murray shouted, “Don’t take me for a fool, Hopper. There’s yet another report from a shopkeeper from Big Buy who saw a girl shattered the doors with HER MIND. HER MIND.”

“I heard that story,” Hopper said, “Did you hear the one about the fat man with the beard who climbs down chimneys?”

Laughter erupted throughout the office room. Jim Hopper just about died from laughing so hard at his own joke.

“Shut the fuck up,” Murray said, tears streaming down his cheeks, “I’m leaving since you aren’t going to be of any help!”

Murray shot upwards, kicking the chair he sat in before scampering out of the office.

“Thank fucking god,” Another cop in the room said.

The phone rang and Hopper picked it up.

“Hello?”

“Merrill’s pumpkins are fucked.”

“Oh man, that’s tragic,” Hopper said in a monotone voice.

“He claims that his neighbor Eugene messed them up as a form of revenge,” The voice from the other line said.

“Okay, what am I supposed to do about that?” Hopper rolled his eyes.

“Oh, I don’t know! Do your job and go check it out?!” The voice from the other line angrily said.

“What the hell do I look like? I’m not an exterminator,” The cop said, “Why does everyone in this godforsaken town bother me about the most irrelevant things that have absoluely nothing to do with my line of work?!”

“But you’re the chief of police. You investigate crimes like these.”

“Oh, yeah. I do.”

“Nancy, read my badly done essay.”

“Okay, Steve.”

Nancy took the paper; she leant back on the passenger seat of Steve’s car, skimming through Steve’s essay. She reread a rather questionable part of her boyfriend’s paper, clear concern on her face.

I’ll have you know I graduated top of my class in the Navy Seals, and I’ve been involved in numerous secret raids on Al-Quaeda, and I have over 300 confirmed kills. I am trained in gorilla warfare and I’m the top sniper in the entire US armed forces. You are nothing to me but just another target. I will wipe you the fuck out with precision the likes of which has never been seen before on this Earth, mark my fucking words. You think you can get away with saying that shit to me over the Internet? Think again, fucker-

Nancy frowned, putting the paper down.

“It’s crap, I know,” Steve said.

“Uhh…no…it’s…not…crap,” Nancy grimaced, “It just needs a few improvements…maybe some reorganizing…well, actually a lot of reorganizing…”

Steve raised his eyebrows, not convinced at Nancy’s commentary. Her uneasy voice was telling a different story.

“Okay Steve, to tell you the truth, the entirety of this paper is a mess

and I'm very concerned for your wellbeing."

Steve sighed.

"Can I mark on it?" Nancy asked.

"Sure," The other shrugged.

"So, in the first paragraph, you used the basketball game versus Northern as a metaphor for your life, which is literally the only semi-decent bit in your essay. Then you go off into a tangent about being a top Navy Seal…I don't see how those two are connected."

"Fuck it," Steve shrugged, "What's the point in all of this?"

"Calm down."

"I am calm," Steve retorted, angrily ripping apart his essay paper before stomping on it, "Just- what is the point of this? There is no point. More than half the stuff I learn in class, I won't use in life the minute I graduate. High school doesn't adequately prepare students for life beyond public school, especially students who don't plan on going to college or students who decide to opt for a trade or vocational school. The whole school curriculum and the way the average teacher instructs serves to fuck over people like me. I won't even touch upon the grading scales and the standardized tests they issue. Those instill a lot of pressure and place a lot of unnecessary stress on students to the point of them having mental breakdowns."

“That’s nice, will you go to Barbs house with me?” Nancy asked.

“Anything for you, Nancy,” Steve said, a glazed over expression on his eyes.

The loudest and most abominable sound of a revving car engine snapped the two out of their reverie. The two immediately got out of the car, trying to scope for the source of the noise.

A blue ’79 Camaro going at least 96 miles per hour skidded across the school parking lot and crashed straight into a brick wall of beside the school. The front door was kicked open, sending the door flying several feet away. A booted foot emerged out of the vehicle before stomping the ground beside it. The utter force of that stomp caused a fucking earthquake, sending shockwaves throughout Hawkins, Indiana.

The boot, belonging to a male with a mullet, fully emerged out of the car. He turned his head, his blonde mullet effortlessly flowing alongside him. He was now facing the camera, his face in full view.

HEEERE I AM.

ROCK YOU LIKE A HURRICANE.

I’m sorry but I laughed so hard at this scene that I almost choked on a large piece of omelet I was having for breakfast. Anyways, people’s

reactions to Billy's entrance were very polarized: ovaries exploding or absolute deep-to-the-gut laughter.

Another girl with red hair emerged out of the passenger seat of the Camaro and skateboarded away in embarrassment.

"Who is that?" Someone else said, watching Billy strut away from his car that was in absolute ruin as it lay squashed against the brick wall.

"I have no idea," A friend of that person said, "But would you check out that ass? Look at it go."

Honestly, Billy's ass wasn't too bad.

"Very thicc," The first person nodded in agreement.

"Meet the human brain!" Mr. Clarke howled, jumping up and down in jubilation.

The entire class was quiet, uninterested in the subject matter. A girl blew a huge bubble of gum before it popped open on her face, the gum stuck to her cheeks.

“Y’know,” Mr. Clarke said, his mood instantly deflated by the lack of animation from his students, “I’m going to be the best teacher you guys will ever have the pleasure of being taught by in the entirety of your public school education. You should show a little more appreciation and savor the artistry of my engaging teaching methods before you get stuck with godawful science teachers once you reach high school.”

The class was still quiet.

The teacher heard the door open and close. He saw a red-haired girl come into the classroom, the principal behind her.

“Ah, this must be the unnecessary party member.”

"Bite me," The girl flipped off Mr. Clarke before the principal calmly shook his head, silently telling her to refrain from doing that. Lucas and Dustin immediately fell in love with her so another love triangle commenced.

“She’s a new student, give her a little welcome,” The principal said, before leaving the class.

When the girl was about to walk to her seat, Mr. Clarke stopped her.

“Hold up, missy. You don’t get away that easy.”

The girl rolled her eyes.

“Come on up, don’t be shy,” Mr. Clarke continued, “Dustin, please do the honors.”

Dustin pulled a trumpet from his backpack and blew into it, playing a little fanfare. Lucas sighed while Mike looked like he wanted to disappear at this very moment. Will, on the other hand, did a weak smile.

“Class, please welcome, all the way from Cali-Cali, the latest passenger to join us on our curiosity voyage, Maxine!”

“It’s Max,” The girl said, her annoyance obvious at this point.

“Okay, Maxine, go find your seat.”

“Hey, there.”

“Hi there.”

This is the scene when we're introduced to Bob.

Bob picked up a plastic orange pumpkin and was like, "You got these in any other colors? I'm not a big fan of orange."

"Bob, if you want to use this as an excuse to suck face with me during my work hours-"

"You caught me Joyce," Bob chuckled.

They went to the back room and proceeded to do that. The people who shipped Jopper from the beginning were devastated at this realization, but they eventually came to love Bob because he's so pure and delightful to the people around him. Me, a hardcore Jopper fan, ugly-cried during the aftermath of his death.

"Bob I have to get back to work," Joyce broke their little session.

Bob was like, "I know, scrumpdillyumptious. I'm sorry, I can't stop thinking about you. It's crazy, I feel like a teenager."

Then Joyce was like, "Me, too, honeybear."

And then Bob was like, "You know, in high school, you didn't know who I was, possums."

“Sweetnectar, I have to get back to work.”

“…I know, I know. Why do we have to be apart for so long? It’s not fair, Joyce,” Bob sighed.

“Life isn’t fair…that’s just the reality of it all.”

Bob gave Joyce one last kiss, a kiss that was guaranteed to keep them lusting for more. It was true, a short, last kiss wouldn't be able to satiate their longing for one another; this type of feeling was one that was rapidly accruing-

So then Joyce said, “Okay, that’s enough. This is starting to read like a badly written fanfic.”

“You’re saying that these pumpkins were in tip top shape yesterday?” Hopper gestured towards the decaying pumpkins, maggots crawling in them and flies buzzing around the patch.

“Damn right that’s what I’m saying,” Merrill said, “You should have seen ‘em. They were prize winners, Chief. For the life of me, I

couldn't figure out what happened. So, with my meticulous critical thinking skills, I concluded Eugene did this."

"You're telling me that nice old Eugene came out here in the wee hours of dark and singlehandedly doused your field with poison?" Hopper said.

"Eeeyup."

"Totally believable," Hopper sarcastically said.

"Listen, Chief. If all you're going to do is act like a smartass and not be of any help then I'm going to have to speak to your manager."

"I am the manager, you dumbass."

Merrill sighed.

"I don't go around throwin' accusations lightly, you know me. It's a hell of a coinkedink that this happens on the day before Halloween… when sales are peaking."

"Hm, you do make a point," Hopper said.

Hopper heard weird alien-like sounds come from the field adjacent to

him.

“What was that weird alien-like sound?” Hopper asked, “You got someone working in that field, Merrill?”

“No.”

“Ok, guess I’ll check it out then,” Hopper said, removing his gun from his belt before twirling it.

Hopper went inside the field, his grip firm on his gun and scoping the area for anything suspicious. He tensed when he could hear rustling sounds. He was confused for a moment as all he could see was the empty field of tall weeds that surrounded him.

A crow suddenly emerged through the weeds.

Hopper screamed and turned heel, dashing out of the field.

Notes for the Chapter:

> I'M SO SORRY FOR THIS. I hope it was better than the first chapter!
>
> Also, I have nothing against Max at all; she's probably my third favorite character. (Steve being the first, Will being second)

3. MadMax Part 3

“Be there or be square,” This girl named Tina was handing out invitations to some party where all the cool teens go to party...

“Thanks, Tina,” Nancy said, after taking the invitation that the other girl handed to her, “Can I get one more for my friend who clearly hates parties and the pressure of having to conform to social expectations placed on teens like becoming party animals at a young age?”

“Sure,” Tina said, giving her one more.

Nancy scampered to Jonathan who was walking ahead of her.

“You’re coming to this,” Nancy said, giving the invitation to Johnny-boy.

“Uh, no I’m not,” Jonathan said, looking at the invitation in disgust.

“I can’t let you sit all alone in Halloween,” Nancy said, “That’s just not acceptable.”

“Says who?”

“Says social conventions,” Nancy said.

“I’m not going to be alone, I’m going trick-or-treating with Will,” Jonathan said.

“All night?” Nancy said.

“All night,” Jonathan repeated.

“Jonathan, just come to the fucking party,” Nancy said.

“What’s in it for me?”

“The writers can use this as an excuse to establish the storyline for season 2 Jancy.”

“Fuck yeah, I’m in!”

Mike, Will, Lucas, and Dustin were hidden behind the gym cabin as they were stalking the new skater girl, Max. She was a skater girl. She said see you later boy. He wasn’t good enough for her.

“What is the point of this?” Mike said, “There’s no way that’s Mad Max.”

“Yeah, girls don’t play video games,” Will added.

“Will, that’s the dumbest sentence to ever come out of your mouth,” Lucas said.

Dustin, Lucas, and Will continued to keep their eyes on the girl while Mike sulked behind, retreating back into his moodiness.

“Okay, how many Maxes do you know?” Lucas spoke again.

“Actually, I know a coupl-”

“Zero. That’s how many,” Lucas interrupted Mike, answering for him, “She shows up at school the day after someone with her same name places first in Fortnite. She’s gotta be Mad Max, she has to be. Plus, she skateboards so she’s pretty fucking metal. Oh, and did I say she was awesome? She’s awesome, by the way.”

“Okay that seals the deal. Guess she going to be Lucas’ love interest and vice versa, since he apparently knows so much about her,” Dustin rolled his eyes.

“What’s up with you, Mr. McMoodyFace?” Lucas said.

“He’s right, you haven’t spoken a single word to her,” Mike said.

“He doesn’t have to. I mean, look at her,” Dustin said.

“That was supposed to be my line, Dustin,” Lucas said.

“Whoops sorr- oh fucking shit we lost her.”

Will noticed Max go up a flight of stairs.

“Right there!” Will exclaimed.

Max proceeded to drop a crumpled piece of paper into the trashcan that sat below her before heading inside the building. The four boys immediately ran towards the trashcan, Mike way behind the other three. He was literally winded after running for less than three seconds. Mike bent over, his hand over his chest, heaving out of breath.

“Christ Mike, you’re really out of shape.” Dustin said.

“What about you yelling ‘cramp!’ when we tried running away from Troy and James back in season 1? You’re in no position to speak,”

Mike retorted, literally gasping for breath after each word.

Lucas and Dustin proceeded to dumpster dive for the crumpled sheet of paper that Max placed in the trashcan, earning bewildered glances from the other students.

“Well, shit.”

“What? What does it say?” Will asked. He and Mike gathered next to Dustin and Lucas to get a better look at the paper.

I can see you, bitch.

“Oh great, now we look like a bunch of creeps,” Lucas said, crumpling the paper back up.

“To be fair, we kind of are,” Mike said, “Who takes their time to stalk a complete stranger around their entire school just because we suspect they might be a certain user on a multi-player shooting game?”

“…When you put it like that, you do make a point,” Lucas sighed.

“Absa-fucking-lutely,” Mike said, “I’m leaving so I can go dislike this Maxine girl for no discernable reason aside from my irrational suspicion of her replacing Eleven.”

Suddenly, the principal appeared out of nowhere.

“William Byers.” He said.

“…Yes?” The bowl-cut boy said.

“Your mother is here,” The principal said, “You know what that means?”

Will had the look of complete mortification on his face.

Today was one of *those* days.

“...Oh no.”

“Mom, don’t leave me alone with that guy again,” Will said when he was inside the car with his mom.

They were driving on a long-winding road that would eventually lead to Hawkins Lab.

“I promise, I won’t,” She said, she looked at Will, “Why don’t you like him?”

“I don’t get good vibes from Dr. Owen, neither did any of the fans of this show,” Will said, “To be frank, he scares the fuck out of me.”

“LANGUAGE!” Ted Wheeler’s voice echoed from several miles away in the Wheeler household.

“He’s the only doctor around here who can help you. There’s no way we can drive out of state to other expensive hospitals; I only have so much money in my pockets,” Mrs. Byers replied.

Joyce noticed Will’s quiet form.

“It’s going to be okay.”

“Please don’t let him show his secret stash of My Little Pony figurines again,” Will said, “Please Mom, I’m begging you.”

It was silent in the small hospital room as Will looked around it. He saw the collection of My Little Pony toys ranging from cassettes to coloring books that decorated the counter tops. Dr. Owens burst into the hospital room, seeing Will lying back on the hospital stretcher, wires attached to his head, him being next to a machine that

measured his brainwaves.

“Sup William, how’s it going?” Dr. Owens asked, taking a seat next to the stretcher.

“Every day I feel like I’m about to approach my impending doom but other than that everything’s fine, haha,” Will said.

Owen looked through the hospital files of Will’s periodical physical exams.

“Damn son, you lost a lot of weight, didn’t you?”

Will did a small shrug. He had the most tragic ‘kill me now’ look on his face.

“What’s your favorite candy? Life or death, situation….what would you pick?” Dr. Owens said, clearly trying to make conversation with the boy who clearly wanted to be anywhere but here.

“Swedish Fish.”

“That’s absolutely disgusting,” Dr. Owens said, “Anyways, tell me what’s going on with you.”

“Well, yesterday, when me and my friends were trying to score a win in Fortnite, I went into the Upside Down again,” Will said.

“My friends and I,” Owens corrected, “Go on.”

“I heard noises and decided to go outside. Then I saw a spider-like creature…”

“Go on,” Owens said again.

“I think he or she or it is the only entity in this universe who understands me at the moment, aside from Mike,” Will said. Dr. Owens and Joyce looked at each other in complete confusion, before Will continued, “It’s given me hope again, that the crush I have on my best friend might not be unrequit-”

All of a sudden a bunch of teenagers aged 13 to 17 with Mileven shirts and posters burst into the hospital room, kicking it open. Will let out a depressed sigh.

“For the last time, Byeler isn’t going to become canon!” MilevensEgggos, an ardent Mileven stan, said.

“Yeah, the Duffer brothers established Mileven from the get-go. From the first scene that they had together in Mirkwood, which basically comprised of the intense stare that Mike gave Eleven in the rain, clearly indicates that they’re destined to be soulmates. It’s a subtle but very smart filming decision the brothers made when they

directed that scene," Wishing4Fillie067 agreed while the others let out chorused 'yeah's'.

Then another group of teenagers, this time with Byeler shirts walked into the room, disapproving glares etched on their faces.

"You do know that a love triangle is always possible," BiggestBylerStan011 said, "Relationships, especially ones between such young teenagers, hardly last long. Mike might change his mind."

"Hmm, you might have a point, but look-" MilevensEgggos pulled her iPhone out of her jean pocket, clicked on the Instagram app, scrolled down through her Feed until she came across a Mileven edit, "See this?"

A few of the Byeler shippers peered over the Mileven shipper to get a look at the content on her iPhone.

"This edit highlights the chemistry between Mike and Eleven, chemistry not even two grown ass adults in love with each other can achieve," MilevensEgggos said, "Byeler in no way shape or form can surpass that either."

One of the Byeler shippers laughed.

"You clearly haven't seen any of the Byeler edits then," S0ft-Will-By3rs said.

“Oh, but I have. I’ve seen many and they don’t compare to any of the Mileven ones, you guys-”

There was a loud knocking noise, catching the attention of the bickering Byeler and Mileven stans.

“Can you guys please get the fuck out of my hospital?” Dr. Owens broke them out of their bickering.

“Anyways, Will. Continue,” Dr. Owens said.

“Ok, so I saw this storm, I was frozen…”

“Cold Frozen?” Owens said.

“No.”

“Frozen to the touch?”

“No.”

“Frozen as in your heart racing?”

“No.”

“Frozen stiff?”

“No.”

Three hours had passed. At this point Joyce had fallen asleep in the couch across from them.

“Frozen as in how you feel when you’re scared or mortified?”

“Bingo.”

Not wanting to touch upon what the Mind Flayer said anymore, Will described feeling all this evil around him. All of us were scared for this poor boy. He was literally trapped in another dimension for one entire week, fearing for his life because some venus-fly-trap-looking-ass creature was in there with him. Let’s not forget how traumatized he must have been during this ordeal and after. All of that must have messed him up over the months after the events of season 1 culminated. Poor Will.

“Anyways, yall have to check out these new Fluttershy and Pinkie Pie

collectibles I bought last night," Dr. Owens skedaddled towards a suitcase before pulling out those two figurines from it, "See? You can even comb through the mane of hair-"

Will looked into the camera like he was in the office.

Dr. Owens escorted Hopper and Joyce to his office. So is this going to be the part where we talk about how loyal Hopper is? Yeah? Yeah. He's literally taking time out of his day, time where he could be on break during work or attending to one of his coworkers. But instead he accompanies Joyce and Will so he can provide reassurance to them during this very difficult time. Let's take a moment to appreciate how loyal of a person Hopper is.

"All right, I'm gonna be honest with you," Dr. Owens said, "Your son is pretty much never going to recover from this, ever."

Joyce and Hopper gave him unamused looks.

"Y'all I'm just kidding," Owens said. He instantly felt deep regret when the other two's expressions didn't change, "I'm sorry, I'm just trying to lighten up the mood."

"…Just continue," Joyce said, trying her utmost hardest not to lash out at him.

“He’s going to have some personality changes, he might get irritable, he might lash out, et cetera, et cetera,” Dr. Owens said.

“Is this WebMD? You literally just described puberty,” Hopper said.

“Boy, I’m not finished.”

Hopper sighed and gestured towards the scientist so he could continue.

“He’s experiencing PTSD-like symptoms. Something, something Anniversary Effect. Nuerological floodgates mumbo jumbo. Basically he’s gonna have more of these episodes,” Dr. Owens continued, “So with me being a scientist who is most definitely certified with a PhD, my conclusion is to not do anything at all and act like everything is normal while Will’s mental state continues to deteriorate.”

“Seems like something a professionally licensed doctor would say,” Joyce said.

“Where did he get his degree from? University of Pheonix?” Joyce scoffed.

Her and Hopper walked side-by-side as the viewers ‘d’awwwed’ at their height difference and the new Jopper content we all very much needed and deserved.

“Well, we have no choice other than to place our blind trust in this guy so we’re more or less fucked,” Hopper shrugged, “But, how’s Bob the Brain? I’m totally not jealous of you guys, by the way.”

“First of all, don’t call him that,” Joyce snapped, “But he’s good. He has about 7 more episodes till he’s gone so he might as well be before his imminent demise.”

“Jesus Christ, Joyce. That was dark,” Hopper said.

“You saw all that I’ve went through in season 1. I’ve seen some shit and I’ve changed, so now I have a sudden predisposition to say stuff like that.”

“Oh. Anyways, I’m really happy for you,” Hopper said, in the most sarcastic voice ever, “Really, I’m not being sarcastic.”

"Sure you aren't,” Joyce said.

“But if things get worse, call me. T-That wasn’t a pick-up line or anything,” Hopper said, his hands sweating.

“Okay,” Joyce said, “Thanks, Jim.”

Meanwhile back inside the Hawkins hospital/lab…

“Alright, it’s time to do our daily purge of the interdimensional vagina with the fire torches!” Dr. Owens giggled.

So a bunch of men in hazmat-looking uniforms did that, using said fire torches to destroy the growing tentacles that were emerging from the opened gate.

“Lucas did we just spend the majority of today stalking this poor girl?” Dustin asked, crouching next to Lucas as they both hid behind several bushes yards away from the arcade building.

“Yeah,” Lucas replied, “and we’re going to continue to do it until its dark outside.”

“Sounds good,” Dustin said, “But my mom is going to murder me if I stay out any longer.”

“Then leave,” Lucas rolled his eyes.

“So clever. You just want her all to yourself so you can make your move,” Dustin said.

“Damn you caught me, Dustin. Wow. Such a genius.”

“I know, what would you do without me?” Dustin said, “Anyways, she won’t be able to resist these pearls.”

“Oh no for the love of god please don’t-”

“GRRRRRRRHHTHHTHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.”

The tremor from Dustin’s purring noise caused a myriad of birds to fly from out the bushes beside them.

Nearby trees fell down, one of them hitting a car and causing its alarms to go off.

“Nice, just nice-” Lucas suddenly stopped and gasped, placing his binoculars in front of his eyes, “Ten o’ clock! Ten o’ clock!”

“What? What’s going on?”

Lucas saw a blue ’79 Camaro (with the front hood completely smashed into oblivion) skid and come to a stop in the arcade parking lot.

There was inaudible yelling from inside the car before Max emerged out of the vehicle with her skateboard.

“They’re arguing! They’re arguing!”

“No fucking shit sherlock, I can clearly see that,” Dustin said, “Aren’t you supposed to be the voice of reason in this show? Did your character like do a total 180 just for these scenes?”

“I should say the same to you.”

“Can’t believe I’m being called out like this,” Dustin grumbled, unable to come up with a comeback.

Max flipped off Billy – who was driving the car, duh – before the mulleted boy erratically drove off.

The two boys followed Max into the arcade, making sure not to be seen by her. That would be embarrassing. They hid behind an arcade box, spending the remainder of their night to watch her place first consecutively in Fortnite. From then on, it was clear that she was *the* MadMax.

“I think I’m in love,” Lucas swooned, “She’s perfect.”

4. MadMax Part 4

Notes for the Chapter:

> And here's the fourth chapter and last part of the first episode! Thank you to everyone who comments and/or gives kudos! I'm so glad people out there think this is funny <3

“After dinner, I want you to pick out your toys for the yard sale,” Karen said.

“Fine,” Mike grumbled.

“And take the makeup and those piercings off your face, you look ridiculous,” Karen said, noting the dark “panda” eyeliner around Mike’s eyes and the nose/lip piercings that decorated his face.

“No.” Mike darkly said.

“Why not? You’ll be embarrassed by this look of yours in a few years.”

“It’s not a phase, Mom,” Mike frowned, “This is who I am now.”

“Two boxes worth of toys, by the way. You’re too old for all that nonsense,” Karen continued.

Mike's fists tightened against the fork he held; he jabbed the cutlery against the plate, breaking the ceramic dish. If you cup your hand against your ear, a soft cry from Holly can be heard.

"I have way too much emotional attachment to those toys!" Mike icily said.

"That's too bad, cause I don't care," Ted said, "To be frank, I stopped giving a shit about anything long before season 1 started. All I do is sit on my ass."

"Dad, you already took away my Atari."

"Son, that's because you stole Nancy's money," Ted said.

"Borrowed!" Mike retorted.

"Nah, you definitely stole that. We all know none of that money is ever coming back out of your pockets."

"No you don't-"

"Oh and by the way, you cursed out Mr. Kowaski last week, you plagiarized an essay, and you graffitied the bathroom stall. There's no way we're letting you off so easy."

“Expose him, Ted.” Karen said, taking a sip of her tea.

“Everyone graffiti’s the bathroom stall, it’s the cool thing to do,” Mike said, "and I'm not even going to touch upon those other two much worse things I did."

“So if your friend jumps off a cliff, you’re gonna jump too?”

“Hooooo boy you’re in for a real surprise if you watch episode 6 of season 1,” I said, walking down the stairs and into the dining room.

“How did you get into this house?” Ted asked, “Who the hell are you?”

“Nobody,” I said, before doing a few cartwheels out of the dining room and retreating back into the darkness.

It was silent for a moment before Karen spoke up.

“I know we constantly play the neglectful parents by clearly not giving two hoots about your wellbeing and not making any effort to understand your pain behind the events you’ve gone through last year such as almost losing your best friend of eight years, the shock of thinking that same friend died, being chased by a bunch of Hawkins Lab operatives armed with guns, watching your first ever love interest vanish into nothingness, and the stress of having the government closely monitor us 24/7, but you have to let us continue to disregard your dwindling emotional health all while we berate and

condescend you," Mrs. Wheeler said.

"Some godawful analogy about this situation to baseball," Ted added.

Then Karen was like, "Two boxes of toys, Mike. Two."

"This isn't fair!" Mike screamed, flipping over the dining room table before storming off into the basement.

"You ready, Steve?" Nancy asked. She and her boyfriend stood outside of Barb's house.

"Yeah, yeah. Of course," Steve said.

"If Barb's parents don't get any closure for her death, then #JusticeForBarb would have only been done in vain," Nancy sighed, "We don't want that, do we?"

"No, no. We don't," Steve said.

“So let’s get to it,” Nancy said, before ringing the doorbell.

“I love KFC,” Steve said, trying to break the ice at the very quiet and semi-awkward dinner table, “Finger-licking good.”

“Me too,” Barb’s dad said, taking a bite out of the chicken drumstick.

Mrs. Holland who was aimlessly dragging the fork across her plate shook her head, “You’ve never been so wrong in your life. KFC is on the verge of being garbage-tier food. Now Popeyes…Popeyes is where it’s at.”

“How so?” Mr. Holland said.

“Their chicken legs, tenders, drumsticks, whatever, you name it– they dredge them with a careful combination of seasonings, seasonings that pair well with each other. Each bite is like a party in your mouth.”

“I actually can’t disagree with you there. There’s also the fact that they fry all of their chicken in lard; no wonder it tastes so good. Adding on to that, the breading they use for their chicken makes it extra crispy. My mouth is watering as I speak,” Steve spoke.

“Really? In lard? Hm, I didn’t know that. KFC fry’s theirs in soybean oil…disgusting, right?” Mrs. Holland said, “They should switch back to hydrogenated vegetable oil; maybe their chicken won’t taste so dreadful if they went back to that.”

“Nu uh, no way,” Mr. Holland shook his head, “Popeyes’ chicken might taste okay, but their fries are absolutely awful and the biscuits taste funny. That automatically cancels everything out.”

“You’re going to choose those unsightly and soggy potato wedges over crispy Cajun battered fries?” Mrs. Holland guwaffed.

“Popeyes over-spices their food and you know it,” Mr. Holland argued, “I had heartburn for hours after eating one of their meals.”

“What about Bojangles?” Steve asked, “I’ve been wanting to try their-”

“Didn’t we come here to talk about Barb?” Nancy interrupted.

“Speaking of Barb, no one seems to give a shit about her except the three of us,” Mrs. Holland said, gesturing to Nancy to specify her as the third person.

“Uh, wow. Thanks a lot, guys. I literally pushed aside my essay that’s due tomorrow morning in my class I’m currently failing in so I could

accompany you all," Steve said.

"A lot of fans, *and I mean a lot*, have also pushed for Barb to have a bigger presence this season," Nancy added, "She instantly became a fan favorite after season 1 came out."

Steve nodded, instantly agreeing with his girlfriend.

"Pour one out for Barb," Steve said, grabbing a wine bottle from the table and pouring out the contents onto the carpeted floor.

"Amen," Nancy said.

"You idiots, she's still alive," Mr. Holland said.

Nancy's eyes widened, her hand over her mouth as Steve did the most obvious 'oops' face. They had just forgotten they were supposed pretend that there was still a chance that Barb was alive and well.

"O-oh y-yeah w-we knew t-that…" Steve nervously said.

“We hired Murray Bauman to do the job,” Mr. Holland said, “Have you heard of him?”

“Isn’t he the guy who knows all in the Stranger Things universe?” Steve asked.

“Not all, but enough, and he’s the biggest proponent of #JusticeForBarb. He’s designing and selling those t-shirts with the hashtag on Teespring as we speak,” Mrs. Holland said, hope radiating in her eyes again.

“He’s agreed to take on our case too,” Mr. Holland said, “Basically he’s going to do what that lazy son of a bitch Jim Hopp-”

“Shush!” Mrs. Holland smacked her husband on the side of the shoulder.

“Don’t I have a right to angry? Our daughter suspiciously vanished without a trace and Hawkins police isn’t doing jack shit about it,” Mr. Holland retorted.

“…Murray is our last hope. We’ll be able to find our Barb,” Mrs. Holland said, “We know she’s still out there.”

“Yup, we’re literally selling our house and all of our assets so we can pay for the investigation,” Mr. Holland added, “Crazy how the

government doesn't have a care in the world that this entire predicament is slowly destroying us and funneling away all the money we have left."

Nancy felt a pang in her stomach. She wanted to give them the closure they deserved, but she knew exactly what would happen if she told them the truth…which basically entails their daughter being snatched down Steve's swimming pool by Venus Fly Trap Man and into an alternate dimension, then being used as an incubator for Demogorgon eggs before her death.

"Excuse me while I go break down in tears because this is some of the saddest shit I've ever dealt with," Nancy said, before storming to the bathroom.

…I've become so numb…I can't feel you there…become so tired, so much more aware! By becoming this, all I want to do, is be more like me and be less like you…!

"El? Are you there, El?" Mike said into his walkie-talkie, the static crackling on the other end, "It's me, Mike. Day 352…7:40 P.M…on the 43rd second…"

Silence.

“So, um…El. Today was pretty shitty…I guess that doesn’t really matter cause all my days have been shitty lately.”

Silence.

“El, blink twice if you’re in trouble.”

Silence.

“Okay wow that was stupid. I can’t physically see you, I’m so dumb… so dumb,” Mike sighed, “God, I wish you were physically here though, if you didn’t know that. Maybe you do, because I’ve been saying that for the past 351 days, hahaha. That was my attempt at a joke. Y’know what a joke is, right? A joke is something that… ”

Silence.

Mike sighed, unable to finish his sentence.

“Please just say something, I’m slowly losing my mind here. Lucas and Dustin are currently OOC and are too busy stalking some rando and after Will’s visit to Dr. Owens office, he isn’t speaking to any of us, not even me, because that quack of a scientist traumatized him again with his Brony garbage. Not to mention, my parents are also driving me up the wall! Nobody understands me!”

Silence.

Mike breathed in, trying to calm himself down.

“Anyways, there’s this jingle I’ve been wanting to sing to you. If I’m lucky, maybe that might be the thing that will summon you.”

Silence.

Mike turned off the music playing from his radio before clearing his throat.

“Here goes…”

Silence.

“Memories…light the corners of my mind…misty water-colored memories…of the way we were…scattered pictures…of the smiles we left behind…smiles we gave to one another...for the way we were…”

“…Mike?”

Mike’s eyes widened, when he heard the soft voice from the other line.

“Hello?! Hello? El, is that you??” He said, his hands trembling.

“Yeah, it’s me, Dustin, your friend Dustin Henderson, the friend you’ve been avoiding all day.”

“If this is about Max, then I don’t care,” Mike said, the false alarm almost making his heart burst out of his chest.

“But Mike! It turns out that Max *is* MadMax-”

“Don’t care. Bye!”

Dustin groaned after Mike hung up on him.

“So what do we do now?” Lucas asked, biking beside Dustin. It was dark as they were biking home, after their day long stalking venture of Max.

“We stick to the plan,” Dustin said.

“What if Mike doesn’t like it?” Lucas asked.

“Fuck what Mike thinks,” Dustin said, “Who even appointed him leader of the party?”

Lucas was silent.

“Exactly. This isn’t a dictatorship. Mike is bordering on authoritarianism,” Dustin continued.

“Oh he’s way past that at this point,” Lucas said, “Does that make us anarchists?”

“It sure as hell does,” Dustin said, “I can deal with Emo Mike™, but dictator-Mike…not so much. What I’m trying to say is that we need to overthrow this dictatorship…and return to the democracy we had back in season 1, am I right or am I right?”

“I can jive to that,” Lucas said, “What if Max rejects us?”

“How can Max say no to these?” Dustin replied. He did the purring noise again, causing the third earthquake in Hawkins today. Several trees ahead of them fell over top of each other.

“FOR FUCK’S SAKE, DUSTIN.”

After that, they parted ways.

Dustin biked up to his house and heard some alien sounds come out of his trash can, prompting him to stop in his tracks. When he was about to step closer towards the trash can, he shook his head, sudden fear overtaking him.

“Fuck that noise,” Dustin said before heading into his house.

Jonathan knocked on Will’s bedroom door, before heading in.

“Hey, buddy,” Jonathan said, carrying several movie cassettes. He sat across from Will who was busy drawing something, “I don’t know what types of movies you like, but take your pick.”

Will glanced at the cassettes that Jonathan had in hand:

-Scary Movie

-It (2017)

-Killer Joe

-The Room

-Bridesmaids

-Boyz n the Hood

-The Heathers

-Magic Mike

-Beetlejuice

“Uhh…whatever you want,” Will shrugged, not into the movie choices for their weekly movie night. He continued to draw in his sketch-doodle-book, precisely adding in the details to his latest masterpiece.

“What are you drawing?” Jonathan asked, peering over to see what Will was drawing exactly.

Jonathan frowned.

“Zombie Boy? Who’s Zombie Boy?”

“Me,” Will said. Most of the people watching this scene felt tears well up in their eyes.

“Holy shit, Will. This isn’t okay. Because I’m your older brother, I somehow intuitively know people in your school are calling you that. The bullying has gotten to a point where you’ll believe that you are the words they call you which in turn causes you to instill a heap of self-loathing upon yourself. This is so distressing to watch, as your older brother. I can’t even bear to think about the teachers who do jack shit and turn the other cheek.”

“…That cuts deep, man.” Will said, wiping a stray tear that fell down his cheek.

“I’m going to square up with whoever’s bullying you, mark my words,” Jonathan continued.

“Jonathan, you don’t have to do any of that. I can fight my own fights.”

“Okay, then talk to me. You can talk to me. You know that, right? Whatever happened-” Jonathan said, he sighed when he realized Will wasn’t answering him, “Will, come on, talk to me-”

“Stop treating me like that!” Will exclaimed, taking Jonathan aback.

“Like what?” Jonathan raised his eyebrows.

“Like I’m going to break. Sorry to burst your bubble but it’s counterintuitive and it makes me feel even more like a freak,” Will said.

“You’re not a freak,” Jonathan said.

“Yeah I am,” Will said, not looking Jonathan in the eyes as he continued to draw in his sketchbook.

“You know what? You’re right,” Jonathan said, causing Will to look up and questionably frown at his other brother, “You are a freak.”

Will had the most offended look on his face.

“What?!”

“Bitch, just a second ago you called yourself one,” Jonathan retorted, “What the fuck do you want me to say?”

Will rolled his eyes, “Get out of my room.”

“Sorry, sorry. But seriously, we’re all freaks in one way or the other,” Jonathan said, “I’m a freak.”

“Is that why you don’t have any friends?” He said.

A pair of sunglasses slid down Will’s eyes.

I instantly spat out my drink, destroying the keyboard on my laptop.

The camera slowly panned closer and closer to Jonathan’s face as the scene slowly desaturated from color to black and white. His lips trembled. The song ‘Cold’ by Jorge Mendez was quietly playing in the background.

“If you know how I feel why would you say that?! Like you put me in such an uncomfortable situation, like you know I’m not happy– I’m trying to see if it will work out here and I know it’s not!” Jonathan suddenly broke down and burst into tears.

Will apologized and handed him several tissues.

“Absolutely dunked on by my own little brother,” Jonathan sniffled, “The audacity.”

“I’m sorry,” Will apologized again.

Bob suddenly jumped in front of Will's open door, startling the two boys.

"The Room?!" Joyce's boyfriend exclaimed, he snatched the cassette, "I love this movie! Johnny Wiseau…what a skinny legend…"

Jonathan did the biggest eye roll after Bob left the room.

The scene where Johnny Wiseau walks out of his bed after making out with his girlfriend for 3 hours, with the camera panning onto his bare bum, came on the TV.

"Well, there goes my entire dinner," Jonathan said.

Hopper parked in front of a cabin house. He walked up to the porch of the cabin house. He did some rhythmic knocking on the cabin house door. The door to the cabin house opened.

He went inside the house.

Hopper saw stacks of Eggos boxes on the “dinner table”. He peered through the boxes, noticing that they were all completely empty, the Eggos already consumed. The police chief let out an aggravated sigh.

“HEEEYY, WHAT’D WE TALK ABOUT?” Hopper shouted.

We all had instantaneous mini heart-attacks from what was about to happen next.

“No signal.” A soft voice said.

“What?”

“No signal. It’s the quarter of the eighth hour. You’re late.”

Eleven slid into one of the seats beside the dinner table. I fucking screamed.

“Yeah, yeah. I lost track of time. Totally won’t happen again if you pretend the next episode doesn’t exist,” Hopper said, “and that’s not how we say the time.”

“The ninth hour minus three quarters?”

“Wrong.”

“Eight-One-Five?”

“No.”

“Eight colon fifteen?”

“You’re getting there…”

Eleven sighed.

“Now what did we talk about? Dinner first, then unlimited Eggos.”

-END OF EPISODE 1-

5. Trick or Treat, Freak Part 1

Notes for the Chapter:

I had so much fun writing the flashback party lmao.

I hope you guys enjoy the 5th chapter!

(Oh and please list some parts you thought were funny; that will help a lot with how I write this fic/ future chapters)

~~~~FLASHBACK!~~~~

So um, the second episode opens with Eleven's side of the story after she killed Flower-Petal-Venus-Fly-Trap-Face-Man and then vanished. But fret not, it turns out she was transported to the Upside Down. But imagine if the Suffer brothers actually killed her off, cause...that would *not* go well with the fandom…

Anyways, Eleven trudged through the Upside Down version of Hawkins middle, yelling for Mike. Then she opened a portal and went into the real world and then used her psionic powers to track down Mike's home. All of the Mileven stans crossed their fingers, hoping to god there would be some god-tier Mileven content in this episode that they could include in their music videos or edits.

Law enforcement with their police cars, a bunch of 'Power and Energy' vans, the camera crew, a couple of Humvees, twelve helicopters, some Hawkins lab workers, and every single U.S federal government employee were waiting outside of the Wheeler residence.

“Because of my son’s carelessness, the Russians are coming to our house,” Karen said.

“Just ‘the Russians’?”

The camera panned to Mike who miraculously aged one year after they came back from the school.

“Yes, the Russians,” Karen said, addressing her son, “This show wouldn’t have enough of an 80’s feel to it if we didn’t blame the Russians for everything.”

“Okay, you guys. This is the part where you have to listen carefully cause this is your livelihood we’re talking about,” One of the government people said, glancing at the Wheeler family who were all gathered in the living room. The Wheelers nodded.

“So all of y’all have to go on with your lives and pretend none of this happened,” The government person said, “I know that’s near impossible for any regular person to feat, especially after what your son went through in a span of one week, but just do it.”

“We’re all patriots in this house,” Ted said frantically waving around

giant American flags as he was fully dressed from head to toe in patriotic apparel, “We’re on your side and we’re not Russian operatives, so you don’t have to be suspicious of us, okay? Okay. Oh yeah, forgot to mention that we’re patriotic American citizens. America, fuck yeah! We’re voting for Reagan in next year’s election, by the way. I-I’m begging you, pleaaaaase don’t change your mind and arrest us!”

“We won’t, you guys are fine…on one condition,” The government man continued, earning nervous gulps from Ted and Karen, “…you are not to tell anyone about this, at all…anyone who doesn’t know that your love-sick son hid a bald-headed girl in his basement. If you do…”

“…If we do?” Ted said, his hands now shaking.

“If you do, very special beings who work for us will spontaneously appear in your presence and give you a warning. The second time you spill the tea about this, they will eliminate you.”

“Got it,” Ted and Karen said. Holly let out a babble, fully understanding the implications of this situation even though she was barely four.

“What about you, boy?” The government man said, addressing Mike who hadn’t said anything yet.

“Yeah, I got it,” Mike sullenly said, not looking the man in the eyes. The government man was taken aback by the boy’s attitude.

“Ah, so this marks the origins of emo Mike,” The government man said, he scratched his chin, examining Mike’s appearance, “Huh, I could have sworn you looked 10 when I last saw you come out of the school after your girlfri- your love interest defeated Flower Petal Man. Now you look 13. How?”

“Stress does that to you.” Mike said.

“Why would you lie to the federal government? We did not raise you to be that way!” Karen retorted, she looked back at Government Man, her nervousness getting worse, “W-What happened was that the Duffer Brothers thought they were only going to do a first season, so they didn’t think ahead of time to film these flashbacks back when Mike was actually 12…cause they didn’t think they’d actually go ahead with a second season. So here we are, doing this now. Just pretend it’s still 1983.”

“That’s some tinfoil hat type of shit,” Government Man said, “Alright boy, where’s the bald-headed girl? I need you to tell us so we can get a hold of this 12 year old and conduct all kinds of torturous and inhumane experiments on her.”

“I don’t know where she is,” Mike shook his head.

“She’s very dangerous, I swear to god if you’re hiding her somewhere…” Government Man said as he looked behind the couches, under the table, in the toilet of the bathroom, and under the cushions of the sofas.

“I told you I don’t know where she is,” He repeated.

Behind Government Man and his government friends, Eleven could vaguely be seen peering through the window from outside. Mike’s eyes widened when he sworn he could have seen her.

“What are you looking at?” Government man said, turning back.

“N-nothing!” Mike exclaimed.

“Right there! I see something!” Ted exclaimed, pointing to the figure of Eleven through the window.

“Where?” Government Man said, looking straight at the window.

“Right there!” Ted said, hysterically pointing exactly at where the man was looking.

“BITCH WHERE?!” Government Man yelled.

Eleven immediately left, now noticing that the others might have seen her.

“Goddamn you’re so stupid!” Ted said.

Du-du-du-du dudududu du-du-du-du dudududu du-du-du-du dudududu

DUN DUN

****A bunch of scattered letters rearrange to form the iconic Stranger Things title****

Chapter Two: Trick or Treat, Freak

FLASHBACK OVER.

When Hopper turned around, he saw a figure with a bedsheet splayed over a figure- the person dressed as a ghost.

“Oh, Jesus!” Hopper choked on the French toast he was in the middle of eating and keeled over. He tried gasping for air, but he couldn’t breathe. He died from lack of oxygen.

“And this is what would happen in a theoretical parallel universe,” Mr. Clarke said, walking inside the cabin, “Anyways, back to our regularly scheduled programming-”

“Oh, Jesus!” Hopper said, disturbed by Eleven’s sudden appearance in a ghost costume.

“Halloween,” The girl said.

“No, you’re not going trick-or-treating,” Hopper said, “Now eat this godawful French toast I made.”

“But they wouldn’t see me,” Eleven said.

“Who?” Hopper said.

“Bad Men,” She said.

“It’s still a risk. You know the rules. So you know the answer, a two letter word that starts with the letter N. That’s your word of the day.”

“So you’re going to keep me locked up in this house without any form of healthy human interaction and be really vague about everything and to make matters worse, lie to me about my mother being dead when she’s actually alive in a vegetative state?”

“Yup,” Hopper said, “…Wait, did you just speak fluent English?”

Eleven took off her ghost costume and plopped down onto the seat of

the table. She crossed her arms, angry at Hopper's unwavering personality.

"Okay how about I get off early tonight so I can buy us a bunch of candy to binge on and we end up going into pre-diabetic states."

"Compromised." Eleven said.

"C'mon Will, up and at 'em," Joyce said, pulling the bedsheet off of Will's bed. She fucking panicked when she didn't see him there.

Joyce came out of Will's room, quickly glancing around the hallway.

"Will?" She said; there was no sign of him. She tried looking for her son in the kitchen, living room, but to her dismay, her son wasn't in those places either.

She saw Jonathan, "Where's Will?"

“What?” Jonathan said.

“Where is he???” Joyce panicked, “I can’t find him!”

“He’s not in his room?” Jonathan asked.

“No!”

The screen faded to black.

Chapter One: The Vanishing of Will Byers

“Wait! Stop! I found him!” Joyce yelled.

Chapter Two: Trick or Treat, Freak

Will was in the bathroom, sitting on the toilet.

“Uh Will? What are you doing?” Joyce asked.

“Taking a dump.”

“Oh…uh, okay,” The mother said before awkwardly leaving.

After that near repeat of season 1, Joyce proceeded to put some last touches on Will's ghostbuster costume.

"Will, what's this?" Joyce asked, glancing at the laptop that was left on the table next to her. She stared at tab with ArchiveOfOurOwn opened on Microsoft Chrome.

More than Crazy Together by BrokenHeartedWByers

Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler, Eleven|Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Max "Maxine" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers, Eleven|Jane Hopper, Dustin Henderson, Lucas Sinclair, Max "Maxine" Mayfield, Joyce Byers, Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Romance, fluff, Gay Will, Bisexual Mike, homophobia, internalized homophobia, NO SMUT, love triangle, lotsa angst, Swearing, Boys Kissing, slow burn, AU

Will's eyes nearly bulged out of his sockets. He bounded towards the laptop and slammed it closed.

"N-nothing!" He shouted, sweating buckets.

"Okay…then what's this?"

Joyce held up a drawing of a dark six legged creature looming over the sky.

“Something that has absolutely nothing to do with my episodes,” Will said.

“This is me not believing the BS that just came out of your mouth,” Mrs. Byers said, not believing the BS that just came out of Will’s mouth.

Then Joyce took some pictures of Will in his Ghostbusters suit as the Ghostbusters main theme song played. We all freaked out when the screen individually changed to each boy...each wearing matching Ghostbusters costumes – Dustin showing his pearls off and Lucas getting roasted by his little sister.

“Just smile for the picture and I’ll let you leave,” Karen said, holding the camera to her eyes.

“No way. That’s going to ruin the moody image I established for my character when season 2 started,” Mike said.

So then Mike, Dustin, and Lucas biked to school singing the Ghostbusters theme song. My wig flew, my crops were watered and thriving, and my skin was clear.

“Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Hold on just a rootin’ tootin’ minute!” Lucas said, he pointed to Mike, noticing the nametag on his Ghostbusters uniform, “Why are YOU Venkman?”

“Because as the self-appointed leader of this party, I chose Venkman,” Mike said.

“No, *I’m* Venkman,” Lucas said.

“I am Venkman!” Mike said, in a louder voice.

“I’m Venkman!” Lucas retorted.

They went back and forth like this for ten minutes.

“So who’s the real Venkman?” Dustin asked.

“I AM!” Mike and Lucas shouted at the same time.

“Why can’t there be two Venkmans?” Will asked.

“Because there’s only one Venkman in real life,” Mike said.

“Mike, it’s a fucking movie,” Dustin deadpanned.

“As the self-appointed leader of this party, we planned this months ago, but only with my input. I’m Venkman, Dustin’s Stantz, Will’s

Egon, and Lucas is Winston," Mike said.

"But I don't want to be Winston," Lucas said.

"That's your problem," Mike said.

"Hey guys isn't it convenient not a single person in our school is wearing costumes but us?" Dustin said, seeing groups of students emerge out of a school bus in regular clothes.

"I hate to say this but our school is filled to the brim with really boring kids," Lucas shook his head.

"Who you gonna call? The nerds!" Some mouthbreather said.

The four walked down their school hallway, heads bowed down in shame.

"My conspiracy theory senses are tingling," Dustin said, "I conclude that everyone in this school collectively planned to not dress up this year so they can sabotage us and make us the face of ridicule,

therefore causing us to climb down the middle school social ladder."

"Dude, we're already at the bottom of it. We can't climb down any lower," Lucas said.

"True, but we look like morons," Dustin said.

"Can't we just take these costumes off?" Will asked.

"Not if you want to go to class butt naked and then get expelled for indecent exposure." Dustin said.

"Fuck." Will said, forgetting that none of them brought spare changes of clothes.

"So are we going to introduce ourselves to Max like this?" Lucas asked, they saw Max ahead of them grabbing her books from her locker.

"Okay I'm out," Mike said, leaving the other three.

Will also left after silently signaling he was going to leave too.

"Yeah, we're already on the second episode. According to the general format of the first season, we need to add her to the party as soon as

possible," Dustin said.

"Let's do this then," Lucas said.

"Okay," Dustin nodded.

After the bell rang, Max closed her locker and left.

"Changed my mind, let's not."

"Agreed," Dustin said.

They both immediately turned around, heading to their class.

6. Trick or Treat, Freak Part 2

“So Will lied to me about his episodes,” Joyce said, sitting across from Hopper on the table, “What’s the purpose in him doing that?”

“He’s a kid,” Hopper said.

“That’s your excuse?” Joyce scoffed, she held up the picture of Spider Boy that Will drew this morning, “Explain this.”

“Joyce, I have no idea what the hell that is,” Hopper said. It’s true. He’s literally never seen that drawing in his life before, “Owens did say it was going to get worse.”

“What are we supposed to do? We damn well know we can’t take him to other hospitals out of town and out of state,” Joyce said, “It’s expensive and they’re all a bunch of quacks.”

“To be fair, Dr. Owens is a quackadoodledoo himself too,” Hopper shrugged.

“UGH.” Joyce groaned.

“If this makes you feel any better, Dr. Owens was created as paradox among all the Hawkins Lab employees.”

“What do you mean?” The mother asked.

“The impression we initially get from him is that he’s your typical villainous lab coat who spouts out bullshit because he couldn’t give two hoots about your son’s condition, right?” Hopper said, in which Joyce nodded to, “But near the middle or near the very end of the season, it turns out he was on our side *this whole entire time*.”

“Wow,” Joyce wowed, “Good analysis.”

Then Hopper shared his cigarette with Joyce in which she proceeded to inhale. I don’t know what the hell Hopper has in his cigarettes but whatever she smoked caused her to hack and cough like nobody’s business before she proceeded to fall off the chair and pass out.

After another daily purge of the gate…

“How’s it lookin out there, cowboy?” Dr. Owens said.

“Uhm…y’know doc…um...uhh…y’know…the usual,” One of the soldiers said, with a flamethrower in hand.

“Mmmm smells like barbecue,” Dr. Owens, the air having a distinct burnt scent from all the purging of the tentacles and other stuff in the gate that they did, “Let’s get this rodeo going! Yeehaw!”

The scene cut to Will sitting on a stretcher chair with Dr. Owens by his side, the Discord Eurobeat Remix playing in the background.

“I can’t believe my Mom would do that to me!” Will sighed, “I’m supposed to be out with my friends almost about to get run over by some crazed high-schooler with a mullet! This isn’t fair!”

After Joyce found out that Will wasn’t telling the entire truth of his ordeal, she took him out of school early before they took the long drive to the lab.

“Tell me how you feel.”

“Dude, you’re not my psychologist. You’re a failed hack of a scientist,” Will said, “Just do your job and let me go home so I can go trick-or-treating with my friends.”

“Jesus Christ, when did softie Will Byers become so savage?” Dr. Owens said, putting his hands up in a defensive position, “First your brother and now me.”

“I had another vision, okay? And I saw Spider Boy a lot clearly this time. Can I go home now?”

“Okay, how did you feel about that?”

“I felt frozen,” Will said, his impatience soaring.

“Cold frozen?”

“No.”

“Frozen to the touch?”

“Are we really doing this again?” Will said.

“Yes, yes we are.”

Nancy was pulled out of her reverie as she sharpening her pencil. She could have sworn she saw something…or rather someone familiar.

“What’s going on, Nancy? Are you okay?” Steve asked, his hand comfortably resting on her shoulder.

“Barb’s ghost is back to haunt us.”

“Nancy-”

“We failed her, Steve. I failed her,” Nancy said, “We were too busy making out on your bed to notice her bloodcurdling screams after she got dragged down your swimming pool. And now she’s exacting revenge on all of us.”

“To be fair, she was in completely different dimension when that happened. What were we supposed to do-”

A figure in a black cloak suddenly appeared out of thin air. Steve and Nancy immediately jumped back, disturbed by its sudden appearance. Nobody sitting in the library desks seemed to notice the black figure at all as they were busy studying or reading books. Hm. Strange.

“You fool!” The figure shouted, its black cloak flowing on all sides, “What did we tell you?! You are never to reveal the events in Season 1 having to do with the Upside Down OR the Lab to any outsider or within the confines of any outsider!”

“I-I’m sorry. I nearly forgot,” Steve apologized.

“You have one more chance, Steve Harrington! If we catch you doing this again, you will be added to our body count list.”

“Meaning I’ll be found in my house with a gunshot to my back and the police will rule it as a suicide?”

“Exactly.” The cloaked figure said, “We’re watching you, Steve. Don’t let this slip out again.”

“I understand,” Steve said.

The cloaked figure vanished.

Nancy and Steve then went into an isolated study room in the library. Nancy made sure to keep the door shut tight and the blinds to the window of the room closed.

“We can’t keep doing this!” Nancy said, “…Pretending like everything’s okay! This whole ‘investigation’ is going to make Barb’s parents go bankrupt…and they’re going to spend the rest of their lives looking for her! You can see that it’s slowly destroying them!”

“I get it,” Steve said, “But you saw what happened just a minute ago…we can’t tell anyone…not me, especially.”

“I know,” Nancy sighed, “But we don’t have to tell them everything.”

“Nancy, do you want the both of us to suspiciously pass away?”

“No-”

“Then we can’t say anything,” Steve interrupted.

Nancy sighed.

“Anyways, let’s forget this happened and go party like stupid teenagers.”

After class, Lucas and Dustin saw Max at her locker again, packing up and ready to go home.

“H-hi Max,” Dustin said, “I’m Dustin and this is Lucas.”

“Stalker number one and stalker number two,” Max said, turning to face them.

“W-we weren’t stalking you at all…h-h-hahahaha…nope. W-w-w-why would we spend the entirety of yesterday doing such a thing?”

“Yeah, we were just concerned for your safety…b-because bullies. So we scoped out the entire school to look for you and then we biked all the way to arcade…to-to…worry about you…” Lucas added.

“The amount of second-hand embarrassment I’m getting right now would cure world hunger if it were converted into money,” Max said.

There was a short silence between them.

“You wanna go trick-or-treating with us and be our friend?” Dustin asked.

“Are you just asking me that so I can be the new replacement as the only girl in the party?” Max asked.

“No!” Dustin exclaimed.

“I don’t believe that,” Max said, “Besides, there’s no way I’m joining you guys.”

“Why?” Lucas asked.

“Because, when Netflix first announced Season 2’s new characters, there was a lot of backlash against mines because they thought I was going to steal Mike from Eleven. Ridiculous, right?” Max said, “There’s no way I’m falling for that trap again. I’ll just spend my time here alone or force myself into another clique in this awful school.”

“How could we forget…,” Lucas said, rubbing the back of his head.

“See? Even you guys are aware of that,” Max said.

“Hold on!” Dustin chirped, “How about you join in as one of our love interests?”

“Haha, nice try. But nope.”

“Come on, we can protect you from bullies, you’ll have a whole new group of friends, you won’t be stuck at home with your sociopathic brother and abusive father, and the writers can use this as an excuse to add another love triangle into the mix. The Jancy/Stancy one is getting old fast and the Jopper/Boyce won’t have much screen time.” Dustin said.

“Jancy hasn’t even happened yet, at least I don’t think so,” Lucas replied.

“There were snippets of Jancy in the previous season during the Monster Hunting arc, only for it to be whisked away cause Nancy decided to drop Jonathan like a hot potato and quickly get back with Steve,” Dustin said, “Man I remember the outrage. I honestly prefer Stancy, but everyone wanted her to be with Jonathan…”

“Which is why the Jancy/Stancy storyline is still fresh,” Lucas

retorted.

“I guess so,” Dustin said, he looked back at Max, “Please go trick or treating with us, please.”

“Yeah as a democracy, we voted you into the party. This will be the best thing to ever happen to you during your stay in this jumbled mess of a town where a vaginal-shaped interdimensional gate gets opened, where interdimensional monsters from said gate escape and terrorize the whole place, where law enforcement and the lab responsible for all this shit is completely incompetent and useless, and where the government tries to hide all of this from utterly clueless reside-”

A figure in a black cloak suddenly appeared out of thin air, interrupting Lucas. Lucas and Dustin were clearly taken aback - their lips parted and eyes wide. Max was confused when she saw that the boys were slack-jawed at something that was apparently invisible.

“You fool!” The figure shouted, “What did we tell you?! You are never to reveal the events in Season 1 having to do with the Upside Down OR the Lab to any outsider or within the confines of any outsider!”

"My bad," Lucas said.

The figure disappeared.

“Anyways, that’s presumptuous of you,” Max said.

“What does that mean?” Dustin said.

Lucas pulled up The Merriam-Webster Thesaurus from the pocket of his Ghostbuster costume because he knew this exact moment would happen.

He flipped through the pages until he reached the section with the letter “P”.

+ **Synonyms of presumptuous**

bold, familiar, forward, free, immodest, overfamiliar, presuming

“Hey, I’m confused. Was that supposed to be an insult?” Lucas asked.

Max scoffed before shutting her locker and walking the opposite direction from the boys.

“We’re meeting at the Maple Street Cul-de-Sac, 7:00 on the dot!” Dustin exclaimed as she continued to walk away.

Max waved back with her hand, not turning back to look at them.

“Gosh she’s so cool,” Lucas said with heart eyes.

Meanwhile in the Cabin…

Eleven was situated on a couch, her knees pulled up to her chest as she was watching Episode 2 of Boys Before Flowers. She couldn’t keep her eyes off of the T.V, the riveting Korean drama too exciting for her not to do that.

From the T.V, a tall guy with curly hair was walking towards a much shorter girl. He stopped, inches away from her. She squinted, reading the subtitles at the bottom of the screen.

‘ Are you disappointed that I’m not who you were expecting?’

‘ … Gu Jun-pyo, why are you…’

‘ Can’t I be here? Did you guys reserve this spot for just the two of you?’

The girl in the T.V turned around, not facing the guy anymore.

‘ Where are you going?’

‘I have nothing to say to you, so I’m going home, so what?’

The guy, “Jun-Pyo” grabbed the girl’s wrist before saying:

‘Well, I do!’

Eleven gasped, her light brown eyes wide. She sat up on the couch, the drama was too suspenseful and exciting for words.

“Come on! Beat his fucking ass, Jan-di!” Eleven yelled at the T.V.

~~~FLASHBACK~~~

Eleven was trudging through the snow, a few weeks after she snooped in on Mike’s house. I think it was a few weeks…it couldn’t have been the day after…her hair is noticeably longer at this point. She was cooking some squirrel on a fireplace.

Some dude with an Ushanka hat came into the forest and noticed a girl crouched over, cooking some squirrel.

“Hey, you need help?” Ushanka Hat Dude said, “What are you doing out here in the cold? What’s your full name – first, middle, and last? The address of the residence you’re currently living in? Your zip code? Social security number? I’m not gonna hurt you.”

“Dude, I’m trying to eat my first meal in weeks. Go away,” Eleven said.

The guy didn’t go away.

With her mind control powers, Eleven flung the burning squirrel, hitting Ushanka Hat Dude square in the face. The dude fell over and…passed out.

She stole the guys hat and coat and ran.

SECOND FLASHBACK OVER.

The Pumpkin Farm Chronicles: Episode 2

Starring: Jim Hopper, Eugene With-No-Last-Name, Merrill With-No-Last-Name, Phil Callahan, Calvin Powell, Dart, and the Mind Flayer

“So, you’re telling me that Merrill poisoned your farm, because he thinks you poisoned his, which, of course, you didn’t?” Hopper said, exhausted to the brink of death at this point.

“No, sir,” Eugene said.

Hopper sighed.

“This nonsense is more extra than the soap operas Eleven watches while I’m out of the house.”

A laugh track was heard out in the distance.

“I was with my family during the night it supposedly happened,” Eugene said.

“So you didn’t see Merrill?” Hopper asked.

“Nah, that man is insane. He’d blame his pumpkins rotting on a bunch underground tunnels carved in by some creature from a completely different dimension if he could,” Eugene said.

“I wouldn’t hold that against him; he seems like the type to do that,” Hopper said.

“Right??” Eugene said.

“But I’m going to take the lazy approach and conclude cold weather killed all the pumpkin fields,” Hopper said, “Because, with all honesty, I couldn’t care less about any of this.”

“I know damn well this isn’t due to cold weather. I’m not stupid; I’ve been farming for decades,” Eugene argued, “Jack O'Dell, Pete Freeling, Rick Neary, and the Christensens’ pumpkins were wrecked too.”

“…Bro, you know what this means?” Officer Callahan said, “…This is most definitely a pumpkin conspiracy.”

The X-files theme song immediately played before the scene faded out.

To be continued…

Did Merrill, an elderly man, singlehandedly wreck up to five Pumpkin farms?

Was this in retaliation to Eugene wrecking his?

Or could all of this be connected to something more sinister and

more of a threat?

Will Jim Hopper fucking do something about this?

Find out on the next episode of The Pumpkin Farm Chronicles!

Billy was leaning against the banged up front hood of his car when he saw his sister skate towards him.

“You’re late again,” Billy said, aggressively stomping on his cigarette to put it out.

“Yeah, I had to get catch-up homework,” Max said.

“Don’t care, if you’re late again, you’re skating home, if I don’t decide to break it,” Billy said.

WANGO TANGO

Billy was speeding in his car, going a generous 40 above the speed limit. Max was about to puke.

“Why do you have to be like this?” Max said, her carsickness worse than ever.

“We need a new human villain in this show after Brenner got shredded into smithereens by the Demogorgan.” Billy said.

“He’s still alive. There are articles saying that Shawn Levy confirmed that.” Max said in a hushed voice.

“WHAT DID YOU FUCKING CALL ME?”

Max sunk in her seat. She had the ‘Not again’ look on her face.

“…I didn’t call you anything,” The girl said.

Billy gripped the steering wheel, his fingers leaving imprints on it.

“This town is a shithole. Cow shit. The high school girls are cows. We’re stuck here because of you. Everything is your fault,” Billy said.

Billy suddenly speeded even more, if that was possible.

Ahead of them three kids in Ghostbuster costumes were biking.

“Billy, slow down!”

“I’m afraid I can’t do that,” Billy said, “As the new human villain, I have this sudden inescapable urge to run over these 13 year old boys.”

“Holy shitake mushrooms that car is gonna run us over!” Dustin screamed, noticing a ’79 Camaro barreling towards them.

“Go, go, go!” Lucas shouted.

They pedaled for their dear lives, Mike slightly behind them. Mike cannot physical for his life.

“Mike you need to haul ass!” Dustin exclaimed.

The car ran them over, instantly killing them.

“That joke is getting so old,” Billy said to me, the writer of this awful

fanfic.

Mike, Lucas, and Dustin continued biking straight ahead, not even bothering to veer away until the last minute.

“YEAHHAHA that was a close one, wasn’t it?” Billy yelled from inside the car.

A fearful Max shrunk in her seat even more before turning back to see if the boys were okay. Don’t worry, they are.

“My stalker senses tell me that’s MadMax,” Dustin said.

“I can’t believe she saved our lives. She’s too remarkable for words,” Lucas sighed in awe.

Notes for the Chapter:

> This chapter was a little longer than expected. I hope this one was good enough!
>
> Fun fact: Today is Will Byers' birthday! He technically turns 47 this year.